150

The GOLDEN BULL; Or, Garland of Love's Craftineſs.

IN IV. PART.

COME liſten young lovers, and you'll find,
That croſſes do often attend true lovers kind,
The like in all ages was never in print,
No doubt but this garland will give content,
It is of a king, ſince I muſt be plain,
Who formerly did in the ſouthern gates reign.
He had no more children than one daughter bright,
Who pleaſed her father and was his delight.
A neighbouring prince came a viſit to pay,
It being the usual cuſtom they ſay,
Love pierced the the princeſs ſo deep in the heart,
She was ſo much wounded when he did depart,
It ſeems to her father ſhe ne'er told her mind,
Nor to the young prince, tho' ſhe was confined,
To love him for Cupid was ſharp and ſevere.
What afterwards happen'd you ſoon ſhall hear.
She being ſo beautiful, charming and young,
Her father ſaid, with a deluding tongue,
Love I have a fancy to lie with thee,
Tho' you are my child you have fancied me.
While God gives me beath and I have grace,
I'll act a child's part, as it is my place;
He ſaid, I'm reſolved to make you my wife,
Or elſe your charms do bereave me of life.
The lady burſt out in abundance of tears.
And ſaid dear father you are ſtricken in years,
You can have but ſhort time to remain,
'Tis ſatan's temptation put this in your brain:
Conſider your end, your ſtrength doth decay,
Then drive the thoughts of the devil away,
Let not ſuch vain fancies run in your head,
Your ſoul muſt live when your body is dead.
True love to you father, I bear from my heart,
And will be obedient in every part,
But rather than pleaſe you I chuſe for to die.
So ſpeak no more of it; Fie! father fie!
Dear child, you are like to the innocent dove,
And ſo much ſweetneſs confines to love,
Except you will have me your ilfe I will take,
And afterwards murber myſelf for your ſake,

PART II.

NOW to the ſecond Part give attention I pray,
Which ſhews this lady contrived a way.
To ſhun her father by nice cunning ſkill,
Said ſhe, give me four things, your mind I'll fulfil,
He ſaid, ſweet creature, your mind you ſhall have
In any thing you ſhall deſire or crave;
There were four hard queſtions we may ſuppoſe,
The firſt three were for three ſuits of clothes.
The firſt reſembled the ſtars in the ſky.
The next the clouds that with the winds doth fly,
The third a garment moſt beauteous rare,
Of all the birds that fly in the air
The other thing which I ask, I preſume,
Is a golden bull to ſtand in my room;
I will give it you, ſweet jewel, he ſaid,
If poſſible ſuch a thing is to be had.
Then unto the goldſmith this lady went,
And then ſhe told her cunning intent,
Before make it hollow and fit to hold me,
With a door and three bolts with inlet there be:
When the bull was made fire appointed a day,
With him to be joined, as moſt people ſay,
She went to the chapel her father to wed,
But ſhe had a comical trick in her head
When come to the chapel her father to ſhun,
She ſaid, excuſe me for back I muſt run,
To fetch one thing I cannot do without,
This put her father in great fear and doubt.
He ſaid, dear creature I am loth to truſt,
You for to go back, ſhe ſaid, but I muſt,
And if I return not, next time you ſee me,
I freely conſent murdered to be,
Her father he waited two hours and more,
And finding ſhe came not in a paſſion ſwore,
Then about the court enquity was made,
But none knew where his daughter was fled.
My impudent daughter has fun'd me, I ſee,
The prince that was here has ſent preſents to me,
Therefore to require him, I now do approve,
To ſend him this bull as a token of love.

PART III

HE ſent it abroad with moſt diligent care,
But never thought his daughter was there,
She carried ſweetmeats for her nouriſhment,
At length they arrived where the preſent was ſent,
The prince lik'd the preſent and gave command,
That this bull in his chamber ſhould ſtand,
That he might view it each day, I declare,
But little did dream the princeſs was there.

H.N.N. HARDING

HARDING B.1 (120)

Quite out of the hall in the night she did creep,
And kiſſed the prince as he was aſleep,
And left a rich neckcloth embroider'd with gold,
Which he on his pillaw next day did behold,
The prince had a mother to whom he did ſay,
Who did you let into my chamber, I pray?
Son, there has been no one, I vow and proteſt,
He took up the neckcloth and laughed at the jeſt.
What lady this is I muſt be ſatisfied,
And if it is for love I'll make her my bride,
I muſt ſee her fancy who comes in my room,
But if it's a harlot death is her doom.
At night she crept ſoftly, and kiſs'd him, 'tis ſaid,
And a velvet cap ſhe laid at his head,
His heart was raviſhed to at her charms,
That preſently he took her up in his arms.
With the fright ſhe her joints could not hold,
And begg'd pardon for being ſo bold,
His anſwer was I give pardon to thee,
But I deſire to know who you be
She told her name and whoſe daughter ſhe was,
And how love cauſed her to come there,
He ſaid, dear love, as you ventured for me,
To croſs the ocean my bride you ſhall be,
No doubt that the cupid had joy that night.
Next morning the prince said as ſoon as 'twas light,
Keep faſt in the bull where ſecure you may be,
When I give three knocks, love come out to me,
So then he a ring from his finger did take,
And ſaid, ſweet jewel, take this for my ſake,
I muſt take a progreſs, deareſt do not mourn,
If God gives me leave I'll quickly return.

PART IV

So then to his mother he went and did ſay,
Let no one go into my chamber. I pray,
If I find that any one go into my room,
Then death without mercy, ſhall be their doom.
The mother ſaid, ſon, I ſhall keep it ſecure,
That no one ſhall go in it be ſure,
He went to his hunting with a chearful mind,
But now you will a ſad tragedy find,
Three ladies came in deſired to view,
Her ſon's golden bull and made much ado,
The old lady thinking no harm there could be,
Admitted them up this fine bull to ſee.
Soon as they came in and ſaw the ſight,
They ſaid in this bull he may well delight,
They workmen that made it had nice crafty skill,
Come let us go down now we have had our will.
To kick, ſaid one, reſolved I be,
The reſt had a mind, ſo they kick'd it all three;
Thinking it was the prince gave three knocks there,
This beautiful lady came forth, I declare,
Said they we have waited to ſee the beſt ſight,
So pleaſant it was, it gave great delight.
Wherefore ſhe ſhall die like a harlot in grain.
So they all diſputed how ſhe ſhould be ſlain,
The firſt ſaid to hang her with ſpeed it is fit,
The ſecond ſaid no, let us drown her for it,
But the laſt of the three this anſwer returned,
If I had my will then ſhe ſhould be burned.
The other ſaid, no, that muſt not be done,
For under the window a river doth run,
So they toſſed her out and ſhe ſwam to a tree,
Where ſhe liv'd three days and none did her ſee:
The ſuit of cloathes this lady had on;
A maid came for water and ſwift did return,
Her maſter ſaid, why does thy colour change?
Said ſhe, there's a ſight that's wonderous ſtrange,
The gentleman ran with ſuch ſpeed as might be,
Where he ſaw the lady ſit under the tree.
He went in a boat took her in his arms,
And he was raviſh'd with her fine charms,
The gentleman to her thaſe words did expreſs,
Dear lady, how came you in this diſtreſs?
She told him her ſorrows from firſt to the laſt,
Saying, now I hope all my troubles are paſt,
Fair lady your ſorrows have not been a few,
The prince is ſick, I ſuppoſe 'tis for you;
What is he come home? that well pleaſes me,
In a few days his bride I ſhall be.
Take this diamond ring and go to him, I pray,
The prince doth know it, I dare to ſay,
Then to his chamber he ſtraightway did go,
Saying what is the cauſe of your languiſhing ſo.
It is love is the cauſe of my anguiſh and pain,
A lady I have ſeen I fear ſhe is ſlain,
Therefore no phyſicians my life can ſave,
I will follow my jewel to the ſilent grave.
Then ſtraightway he caſt the ring in his view,
Which made him cry who gave it you;
Dear prince the lady is at my houſe now;
He ſtarted up, ſaying I am well I vow,
So then to his mother the prince did go,
Somebody has been in my chamber I know,
Then ſtraightway to an account who they were,
The prince ſent for them, who came, I declare,
Then unto the prince they for pardon did crave,
He ſaid what you chooſe you ſurely ſhall have;
One hanged one drowned, and one burnt ſhall be,
And this was the ſorrowful end of all three.
The prince and the princeſs with joy were crowned
The muſic played and the trumpets did ſound,
In triump they wended it was a joyful day,
Then was the time to drive ſorrow away.
Then news he heard her father was dead,
And then of that country queen ſhe was made,
Then they had both nations to rule and defend,
And ſo at my tragical ballad now end.

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